

WANT DEPARTMENT

Wanted, For Rent, Lost Notices, etc., will be published in this column at the rate of two cents per line per insertion, INvariably CASH IN ADVANCE. Count six words to the line. Nothing accepted for less than 25 cents.

For Rent—Large room, \$5.50 a month; small room, \$4.50. Apply at 845 West Main street, mar21-1f.

For Rent—Up to date apartments in Jones' flat. Apply to Philip Willet, attorney, rooms 9 and 10, Leggett building, mar10-dtf.

For Rent—Good store room and basement for store purposes, on West Pike street, formerly the West End Meat Market. Inquire of Attorney F. G. Vigs, jan29-1f.

For Rent—A good office room, centrally located on Main street. Inquire 325 Main street, 27feb04

For Rent—Three-room cottage in Glen Elk; \$10.00 per month. Suitable for railroad men. Lynn J. Carskadon, feb9-04d.

For Rent—Two apartments in Cunningham flats. Call 118 Third street, mar30-1f.

For Sale—Hotel and bar, doing good business. Will be sold at a price making it the best bargain in that line in the city. Address "X," Telegram office, apr19-1f.

Wanted—A second hand spool cabinet. Inquire at this office, a16-1f.

Wanted—Girl for general housework, no washing or ironing, small family, good wages. Inquire 522 W. Main street, apr11-1f.

For Rent—Modern, seven room house on Clark street, Glen Elk. Apply to Dr. J. B. Payne, Irwin building, a23-1f.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Inquire at 500 Lee street, 25apr-1f.

For Rent—Furnished room, for gentlemen only. Apply 305 Mechanic street, apr12-1f.

Wanted—Table boarders at 471 West Main street, apr30-1f.

For Sale—Five, six or eleven shares of Clarksburg Ice & Storage Company's stock. Apply to C. L. Hickman, secretary, apr130-04.

Wanted—Girl to help with housework in small family. Inquire at 411 Mechanic street, apr130-04.

For Rent—Furnished room with bath at 639 West Pike street. Inquire at premises or this office, a28-1f.

For Rent—One furnished room, centrally located. Call at 168 West Pike street, amy2-6t.

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Call at 656 Mulberry street, may2-31*.

Lost—Small silver watch on Third street Saturday night. Reward if returned to Harrison county hospital, may2-31*.

Wanted—Nicely furnished room for young gentleman with privilege of bath. Inquire of "Merchandise," care of this office, may2-31*.

Wanted—Salesmen and collectors, men and women. Good territory and good pay. Call on or address Mead Bros. & Co., City, may2-6ld.

For Rent—One large basement room in Glen Elk, on North Fourth street. Address J. B. Martin, Bridgeport W. Va., amy1-6t.

\$300 cash loan wanted for six months \$300—secured by mortgage on \$2,000 worth of first-class personal property. Address X, General Delivery, post office, may2-31*.

Wanted—At once, girls to work in laundry. Apply at Clayton & Bryan, may3-5t.

For Rent—A good six room house with modern conveniences on Chapel street. Inquire of Dr. E. N. Flowers, may3-1f.

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms suitable for light-housekeeping. Inquire at room 12, Fordyce building, 3-1f.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to Dexter Lowther, deceased, or having any claims against the estate of the said Dexter Lowther, deceased, will call upon the undersigned, administrator, for settlement of the same on or before May 1, 1904. It is our object to close the estate and make a final settlement with the Court early in May.

THADDEUS M. SULLIVAN, Administrator of the estate of Dexter Lowther, deceased.

This April 7, 1904, Byron, W. Va. April 8-d till May 1st.

Sweet Melody Flour.

For a cool, sweet, clean smoke try "Lery's 332" or the Little Herald five cent cigar.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

All boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., must be sold at cost or less than cost at Dr. Hardman's shoe store. Call and get the benefit of this great sale. feb9-1f.

Diamond Heart is the best 5 cent cigar on the market. Everybody is invited to give them a trial. Waldo near stand, mar28-4f. Jan. 29, w.f.

ONE OF Uncle Sam's Soldiers CURED OF blood poisoning BY FOERG'S REMEDY

Sergeant J. S. Smith of Company L, 12th Infantry, during service in the Philippines from 1899 to 1902 contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. He tried many remedies and treatments upon his return to the United States without any benefit, until **FOERG'S REMEDY** was strongly recommended to him. The use of four bottles absolutely cured him. If you doubt this write to him, addressing J. S. Smith, care St. George Hotel, Evansville, Ind., and ask if this is not true.

If **FOERG'S REMEDY** has cured him why not you? Why do you go on suffering the mental tortures of the damned when you know here is a cure certain and sure. It is a cure not worth \$5.00 to you; that is all it will cost, for we absolutely guarantee six bottles at a cost of \$5.00 to cure the worst cases of specific blood poisoning. Think of the joy to you in the return of perfect clean health, and go at once to the below address and get this wonderful remedy. It is manufactured by

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EVANSVILLE, IND.
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Next year we have the Presidential campaign, in which all Americans are deeply interested. Already the issues are being discussed and the two great parties are preparing for the first moves. You will not want to miss any details and if you subscribe now your year's subscription will cover the campaign from beginning to end.

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The Thrice-A-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Clarksburg Weekly Telegram, together one year for \$1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00. d-w-1f.

Sure Cure For Piles.
Itching piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as blind, bleeding or protruding piles are cured by Dr. Bo-san-ko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors, 50c a jar, at druggists, or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

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If you are interested in this favorite branch of agriculture, and desire some interesting reading matter showing how fortunes are actually made along the line of the Illinois Central R. R. by northern farmers who are now located for FREE hand-somely illustrated pamphlets and full particulars.
E. A. RICHTER, T.P.A., Ill. Cent. R. R., 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. jan29-dtf.

M. D. Stuart is buying and selling houses at his large barn on Traders' alley in the rear of the Central Presbyterian church, where the Clarksburg transfer was formerly located. He aims to have some horses on hand all the time. He will take a few boarders at the barn.

Blockades and Bizzards.
In new Pullman "ordinary" sleepers, wide vestibule and with every modern convenience, in charge of competent agent from Cincinnati and Chicago via Louisville, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Rates, or berth half of cost in regular sleepers. For FREE descriptive matter and full particulars address, E. A. RICHTER, Trav. Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad, 512 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG, PA. Jan. 29, w.f.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

[Original.]
Joe was his name, and no one at the fort had ever heard of his having another. He was a half breed, who had come to the post with information that the Indians were preparing to rise, and since his information had proved correct he was trusted implicitly. The Indians not only rose, but soon after left the reservation and laid siege to the fort. It was but a two company post, incapable of a long defense against the thousand Indians who encamped around it, and unless succor arrived in time it would be taken and the garrison massacred.

There was one person in the fort who mistrusted Joe, and that was Lucia, daughter of the commandant, Major McGregor. She often caught Joe casting longing eyes upon her, and somehow she did not quite like their expression. She warned her father to look out for the half breed, but as she gave no reason and Joe had given information of the rising the major declined to be influenced.

One evening Joe appeared hurriedly before Lucia and told her that her father had sent him for her. She followed him, and he led her to an angle of the fort, where he rolled away a barrel, disclosing a small aperture. Before the girl could gather his intent he had seized her and forced her into a sort of casemate that opened into the powder magazine. This done he pulled the Lucia back where he had found it. Lucia would not have known she was in the magazine had not a lighted lantern been left there on a shelf some distance from the powder to enable those coming for ammunition to see. But Joe left her no time to consider. Removing a barrel of powder, he exposed a second aperture. Then after binding a handkerchief which he had brought for the purpose over her mouth he pulled her through, and they were outside the fort.

Had Lucia not been horror stricken at her situation she would have now realized Joe's real intention in going to the fort with the information that the Indians were about to attack it. While it would warn the garrison, it would enable him to win the white men's confidence, look about him and possibly find a weak spot through which he might introduce the savages. Joe had during dark nights dug a hole in the earth into the casemate connecting with the powder magazine and another hole outside. He could lead an attacking force at night, a part of whom could engage the garrison, while another part might steal into the powder magazine. In truth, one man entering there would hold the garrison at his mercy. The wonder was that Joe had not put a time fuse there and blown the fort to atoms. He had been seized with a desire to possess the major's daughter, and this led to his ultimate plan.

Joe hurried his victim along, she meanwhile, if not recovering from her fright, at least realizing that she must make some move, invent some stratagem, before it was too late or she was lost. The only thing that occurred to her was to pretend to faint. She sank down with a groan. Joe immediately picked her up and carried her on. But the night was dark, and Joe was in very much of a hurry. The consequence was that, stepping into a hole he did not see, he fell with his burden. Lucia took advantage of the accident to get up and run like a deer toward the fort. Joe could have easily caught her but for two reasons—first, he had hurt a leg; second, Lucia ran more recklessly than he dared run, risking a fall at every step. She longed to cry out, but dared not lose a second in removing the handkerchief that gagged her. She reached the fort and entered the hole not ten seconds before Joe pushed his larger body more slowly through it. When he got inside he saw Lucia standing beside one of the barrels of powder, the head of which had been removed, holding the lamp of the lantern over the powder.

"Stop or I drop the light!"

The man saw desperation in her eyes and halted.

"Come away," he said, "You will kill yourself as well as me."

Her only reply was to move the light, holding it within a few inches of the powder, and give a piercing shriek. A sentry walking past in front of the magazine door heard the cry. At another time he would have called the corporal of the guard, who would have reported the matter, and the authorized person would have come with the key and opened the door, but for several days constant access to the ammunition had been necessary and the door left unlocked. The sentry brought his piece to a level and flung open the door. There stood the colonel's daughter, white as a ghost, holding a lamp over a powder barrel. Joe was glancing at her, trembling from head to foot.

"Take him!" said Lucia. The sentry brought his piece to his shoulder and, looking along its muzzle, gave the order "Hands up!" Then Joe was marched away to the guardhouse. There were both consternation and relief when it was known that Joe had so nearly succeeded in not only getting away with the colonel's daughter, but had very nearly led the Indians into the magazine. In the morning the Indians saw Joe's body hanging to an arm nailed to the flagstaff. Since they had expected him to lead them into the magazine the night he had made the attempt, seeing that he had failed and knowing that succor was near, they raised the siege.

Lucia McGregor is one of the few women who have been mentioned in orders for "gallant and meritorious conduct."

ASA BROWN DALLETT

Wanted Details.
"It was like this," said the private citizen. "Just as the three burglars crawled in at the kitchen window the clock struck 1, and—
"Excuse me," said the great detective, "but which one of the three did the clock strike?"—Pittsburg Gazette.

Mated.
Any one with half an eye could see that he was madly in love with her, but he had not courage enough to put his fate to the test. But she was a young lady who knew her way about, as the saying goes, and one night she suggested a game of chess. He, poor fellow, eagerly swallowed the bait. If he was a novice at lovemaking he was certainly no novice at chess, and he soon had the fair maid hopelessly beaten.

"Ah!" he exclaimed as he put her in a hopeless corner. "You're in a tight corner now, Miss Mabel."

She looked at him with those beautiful eyes of hers and then said: "I hadn't noticed any compression, George. Have I no escape?"

"None whatever," said the guileless George. "I shall mate you next move."

"Oh, George!" said she, with a becoming blush. "Er—hadn't you better ask father first?"

They are married now, and George often wonders if she is as dense at chess as she would make him believe.

Nothing Lost.
"They take tremendous precautions at the mint so that no specie shall be lost," said an Englishman, with a reminiscence of an article he had been reading on the subject. "Every scrap of refuse is burned in order that not the slightest vestige of metal shall be wasted. The working clothes of the men are burned, too, when they are worn out, and they even burn the carts which are used in carrying the bullion to the mint."

"Well," said the American in the corner, contemplating his cigar, "I guess we go one better than that in our immortal country. We burn the refuse and the clothes and the carts. Yes, sir, we do all that, and, what is more, when a man dies who has worked there we have him cremated." Then they talked about the weather.—London Fun.

Two Odd Place Names.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal gives an interesting explanation of the origin of two queer names of places. The mountains of Kentucky afford many queer names of streams, peaks, towns and villages, but perhaps none are more remarkable than Kingdom Come and Why Not. The first of these is the name of a stream in Leslie county and is taken from the Lord's Prayer. The second is the name of a small postoffice in the county and originates from the old song "Why Not Tonight?" It is said that an interesting religious revival was once held in this locality, and this song was sung a great deal, and the people became so carried away with the music that the place was ever afterward called Why Not.

A KIMONO SACK.

How to Make One With Half a Dozen Large Handkerchiefs.

Kimono, jackets and sacks made of handkerchiefs are as popular as they are pretty. The one in the illustration has a design of rose color on white, and there are six handkerchiefs where the back is comparatively plain and seven where looseness is desired is the back. Two handkerchiefs are gath-



HANDKERCHIEF KIMONO SACK.

ered to the front and two to the back yoke, and the sleeves have part of one side sewed up and the remainder sewed into the armhole, with the point turned back to form a little ornament. By a little ingenuity the border of the handkerchief from which the yoke is cut may be made to outline the shoulder seam and the neck, as in the one illustrated. Ribbons are tied where the neck fastens.—New York Mail.

When Home Is Sweet Home.

Dissension in families often arises from a lack of mutual consideration among the members of the family. The "soft answer that turneth away wrath" is forgotten for the hasty reply, the unkind retort, that kindles the fire of ill feeling.

Love does not linger in the home where rudeness shows its unlovely qualities. It chooses to dwell in the home where the spirit of unselfishness, of self control, of thoughtfulness and of charitableness makes the atmosphere sweet. The woman who is quick to take offense is not like her of whom the Holy Scripture says, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Happy homes depend on happy hearts. Home is distinctively a woman's sphere, and she who sweetens it most makes earth nearer heaven.

Age Told by Figure.

The woman who follows an outdoor sport is usually a very graceful woman. The woman who takes to the rocking chair at 9 o'clock in the morning and who sits all day, getting out for only a few minutes, is not the woman who will preserve her figure. At forty this woman will look her age, and at fifty she will look a great deal older. Don't forget that age is told not by the lines on the face, but by the figure. The middle aged figure is well known. The hips and abdomen are prominent, and there is fat on the shoulder blades. Then there is the figure of old age. There is a withered figure, thin above the waist line and heavy on the hips. This is the stage when a woman begins to look as though she were seventy long before she has lived out her sixties.

THE UNKNOWN

[Original.]
It was long ago when there was a string of mining camps on Clear creek. There was no law there except what each man made for himself. The population was made up of, first, the gamblers, who stood highest in the scale; second, the miners, and third, women who had drifted in like refuse on a flood. There was one more element, but so small that it is scarcely worth counting—a few irascible representatives of the softer sex.

One day a stranger came tramping up all the way from Denver and stop pen in the easternmost camp, now a respectable town. He hunted through the place as if looking for some one till he had seen every one in town, then went on up the creek. Having made a tour of every camp, he returned to the first, and there he remained.

The quickest way to attract attention is to arouse curiosity. Every one felt sure that the unknown was waiting and watching for some one who had done him a great wrong and that when that some one appeared there would be a quick exchange of shots and one or both would be buried the dust. Then there would be a burial, and the tenderness of that region would go on washing for gold as before, waiting for the next episode to break their monotonous lives. But who was this some one, and how had he injured the stranger? He could not have taken his money at cards, for the stranger seemed to have all the funds he wanted. There was but one man in the camp who dared question the unknown. That was Bill Tutt. He did not ask direct questions. He went at the stranger on the flank.

"Ever been much of a card player?" he asked.

"No."

"Had a rich hole in the ground jumped or anything like that?"

"No."

"Married?"

"No."

"Ever been married?"

"Yes."

The unknown gave a hitch to his revolver, and the questioner got up and went away to give the group of lookers on, who had pretended to work, but were really watching the pumping process, the result.

"I got it out o' him," said Tutt.

"What is it?" asked all at once.

"Did you see him hitch his revolver? I can always tell when I touch the tender spot in a man, 'cause his fingers invariably go to his weapon. I asked him if he was married, and he said no. Then I asked him if he had been married, and he said yes. That brought his hand to his gun. Some fellow tuk his wife away from him."

After this revelation attention turned to the man who had taken the stranger's wife. The stranger himself was no longer the object of curiosity. That object was now the man he was looking for. Curiosity and imagination go together, and fancy made many a picture of the unknown. The men usually painted him as a driving, cowardly little man with a crafty look in his eye, the women as a splendid specimen of many vigor, though there was no rule for this. All hoped that if he ever came the stranger would not get the drop on him to preclude the possibility of a fair fight.

But would the unknown ever come? For a time the stranger seemed to be troubled lest he should not, going about with a lowering brow and giving rasping replies to any one who ventured to speak to him. Then all of a sudden there was a change. Whether he had received some important information, some clever or other means of knowing of his enemy's movements was not apparent, but it was noticed that as soon as the creaking of the stage that semi-weekly lumbered up the incline was heard in the distance he would go out to the road, fix his eye on it till it arrived, then scrutinize the passengers.

One afternoon the stranger, catcning the creak far below—for it was blown westward on an east wind—went out to the road and stood waiting, with arms folded. It had been noticed all day that his manner was changed. He was seen several times to give a short laugh and rub his hands. Many believed he had secured information that his enemy was on the approaching coach. Word was passed through the camp that the long expected affray was likely to take place. The gamblers laid down their cards, the washers deserted their pans, and the women took position at the windows, all eager to enjoy the spectacle.

The stranger stood peering down the road, but, turning, saw the people watching him. There was a movement in the crowd, some fearing that he might be irritated at the interest displayed and put a few shots among them. The stranger surveyed them for a moment with contemptuous wonder, then turned again to the coach, which in a few moments more halted beside him. Those of the crowd still exposed ran to cover.

Then the coach door opened from within, and in the opening stood a fair and rosy, golden haired boy of three or four years. He opened his arms, the stranger below opened his arms, the boy gave a spring, and the arms closed about him. Then a young woman alighted whom the stranger kissed. Then, turning to his neighbors, each and every one wearing a broad grin, he said:

"My curious friends, this little fellow is the unknown. He is my son, and his mother is dead. This gal is his sister, and she's going to take the mother's place."

That afternoon there was a wedding, and the stranger, the "gal" and the unknown left for other parts. Then the gambler returned to his cards and the miner to his pans.

JOHN TURNER WYETH

Not Proposing.
Maud—I'm afraid I intruded when I dropped in on you unexpectedly the other evening. Mr. Spoonamore looked as if he were proposing. Mabel—Well, he wasn't. He was only posing.—Chicago Tribune.

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